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The New Hampshire Brigade in the Sullivan Campaign

Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution, July 12, 1910.

By William Elliott Griffis, D. D., L. H. D.

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The New Hampshire brigade in the Sullivan campaign, delivered at the annual meeting of the N. H. society, Sons of the American revolution, July 12, 1910.
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The New Hampshire Brigade in the Sullivan Campaign

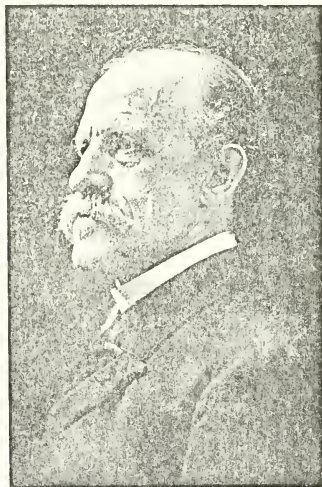
Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution, July 12, 1910.

By William Elliott Griffis, D. D., L. H. D.

No one of the thirteen colonies exceeded New Hampshire in the number of men, proportionate to her population, which she put into the field during the Revolutionary War. Out of the total population of 82,000 she sent seventeen regiments into the national service. As the number of men enrolled in 1775 was but 16,710, she virtually called upon all her sons of military age to serve the cause of freedom.

On reading the king's proclamation forbidding the importation of munitions of war into the American colonies—which meant royal coercion and war—Sullivan and Langdon began hostilities December 13, 1774, before the men of any other colony, by seizing the powder at Fort William and Mary, in Portsmouth Harbor. This was the beginning. At the end of the war there were New Hampshire troops still in the Continental service. Besides this striking numerical superiority and early activities around Boston, New Hampshire was behind no other colony in sending her sons over a wide area of territory. To say nothing of those in the service on sea, in both men-of-war and privateers, New Hampshire men fought in Canada, under Arnold and Montgomery, and it was Gen. John Sullivan who so skilfully conducted the retreat. For his signal services in overcoming all difficulties he received appointment as major general. We find soldiers from the Granite State in Virginia and possibly further south, while on the western frontier, Bennington, which was

then in New York, was virtually New Hampshire's victory, for Stark held her commission. All this long and glorious record of New Hampshire is worth recalling. Like gold it does not dim, but a little burnishing in



William Elliott Griffis, D. D., L. H. D.

memory keeps it in full splendor.

On the other hand, as compensation, New Hampshire was never, during the war, invaded by the foe. Her soil was untraversed by foreign enemies and her coast was virtually immune from naval aggression, while from her port went forth a succession of victorious men-of-war, under the thirteen-striped flag, the first of

the colonies. Then, with stars added to its blue field, they sailed under the stars and stripes of the United States of America. New Hampshire, in its legislative hall at Concord, possesses a portrait in oil of Johannes de Graeff, the Dutch governor of the island of St. Eustatius in the West Indies, who, on November 16, 1776, after reading the Declaration of Independence, ordered the first salute fired in honor of the American flag.

Nevertheless, to my mind, the crowning glory, above the many honors, won by the soldiers of New Hampshire was in the great march of 1779 through the western wilderness, which virtually destroyed the Iroquois Confederacy, opening the path of civilization westward, and, by putting an end to the flank and rear attacks by savages on our settlements along the long frontier, made Yorktown possible.

This expedition, for which Washington detached one third of the Continental army, had been made necessary by the formidable incursions of the red men along the whole frontier, from New Hampshire to Virginia. A special force of five thousand regulars, all picked and veteran, was to leave their bases of supplies, and, passing beyond the confines of civilization, was to disappear in the forest, floating, cutting and marching their way through the wilderness to the Genesee Valley. The goal was not the British fort at Niagara, but the capital town of the Seneca Indians, who were the scourge of three states. Such an expedition, with its need of elaborate and costly preparation and its vast risks, was decided upon only after full discussion and vote of Congress, and by arrangement with Washington. A mutual agreement between Congress and the commander-in-chief was then made, that during that year, 1779, or at least while this army of chastisement was abroad, no important military operations should be carried on by the main army; for, subtracting the four brigades and the

artillery and riflemen sent into the wilderness, our great Fabius had not left over ten thousand effective regulars, against a British army of over thirty thousand.

When it comes to the literary proofs and the written records of the witnesses, we are abundantly supplied with a correct knowledge of the great march. Of the extant journals of officers, numbering nearly fifty, New Jersey and New Hampshire furnished seven each, New York six, Pennsylvania four and Massachusetts one. That of Col. Adam Hubley of Pennsylvania, both for text and drawings, and for what a critical scholar wishes most to know, as to topography, Indian life, the details of the campaign, etc., is perhaps the best of all; but certainly next to Hubley's for exact information, vividness of presentation, elegant style, literary exactness and general value, I should award the prizes to Lieut.-Col. Henry Dearborn of the Third, and Maj. Jeremiah Fogg of the Second New Hampshire Regiments. In general it was the ministers' sons in the army that were the superior penmen.

The New Hampshire Continental Brigade, according to the roster made by Hon. Charles P. Greenough of Boston, consisted of the first, second and third New Hampshire regiments (Continental).

Enoch Poor was brigadier-general, Jeremiah Fogg aide-de-camp, Elihu Marshall brigade major, and Rev. Israel Evans the chaplain. The colonels in their order were Joseph Cilley of the First, Lieutenant-Colonel Reid of the Second, and Lieut.-Col. Henry Dearborn of the Third. In August, 1779, for the purpose of this single expedition, there were transferred to Poor's brigade Alden's Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, under Maj. Daniel Whiting, and the Second New York Regiment, under Philip Van Cortlandt. When orders came detailing the brigade for "the western expedition," they were in camp



at Redding, Conn., where they had wintered. Their first notable work was to be the arduous one of helping to build a road from Easton to Wyoming over the Pocono Plateau, now traversed by the Lackawanna Railroad. At Redding, Conn., they began to construct their winter huts, December 4, 1778. These they finished in a short time and tarried in them till the 10th of April, when they went to the highlands on the North River and stayed until May 9, 1779.

Two or three of the journals gave daily details of the march through New York and New Jersey to Easton. Ensign Daniel Gookin tells us that his regiment started from North Hampton, N. H., May 4, and after moving through the Massachusetts towns past Springfield, his dog Bark left him. Thence his route was through Connecticut to Salem, N. Y., to Fishkill, where he moved over the North River, lodging at Newburg, at which General Poor arrived to take command. The weather through New Jersey was very wet. Near Easton he was surprised at the fine mills built by the Moravians and, in the city, with the solidity of the stone dwellings and public buildings. He said he heard a sermon "in Dutch," which of course means German, and noticed the fine music of the organ. In the afternoon he went to church and heard a sermon preached by the chaplain of the New Jersey brigade. Each of the brigades had a spiritual adviser, who in every case was a man of ability and character who is remembered in history. One of these, the Rev. Israel Evans, who is commemorated by a bronze tablet on the walls of the First Congregational Church in this city, served during the whole Revolutionary War, first with New York regiments and then as chaplain of General Poor's New Hampshire brigade, acting for a time as aide-de-camp to Sullivan.

Some of the New Hampshire men made a pleasure ride up the Lehigh River to the bright, clean town of the

Moravians, Bethlehem, which, during the whole war, remained the chief place of hospitals for the Continental sick and wounded.

At Easton, where the artillery was parked and the troops assembled, they were obliged to wait until June 18. Sullivan was harassed by the delays and lack of provisions and supplies, and most of the meat was



Major-General John Sullivan

spoiled before it could be used. The excuse given was that the coopers were all away with the Continental army, and the old casks being all requisitioned, only green timber could be used, which, in summer especially, soured the brine and ruined the contents. Writers like Bancroft, who have not appreciated the purpose, the difficulties or the value of this expedition, even as at the time people did not understand its large proportions and true object, have blamed Sullivan, when the fault was not his. Happily, however, as the optimistic Major Fogg afterwards wrote, these very delays actually furthered the success of the expedition. The time lost in waiting was utilized by unhurried nature to ripen the corn, pump-

kins and other vegetable food for what the Continentals called "the Succotash Campaign," though the diet was occasionally varied with deer, turkey and rattlesnake meat.

Capt. Daniel Livermore of the Third New Hampshire Regiment gives the detail of the march from Newburg to New Windsor in New York, to Bethlehem, to Bloomsgrrove Church, Chester to Warwick, to Hardistan and through New Jersey to Sussex state house, to Easton.

At Easton the troops were several times reviewed by General Sullivan and were exercised in the manoeuvres of forming and displaying columns, crossing defiles, etc. They left Easton with regret, finding it a pleasant town, and on Saturday, June 19, started northward to pass through Wind Gap, this being the only opening for many miles in the long chain of the Appalachian Mountains. Thence their march was to be over the desolate Pocono plain, two thousand feet high, now traversed by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway. Far-seeing Washington's purpose was, not only to destroy savagery, but to open the pathway of civilization westward, and Sullivan did it. The road which he cut through the wilderness became afterward the pathway of the pioneers, who cut down the forests, built homes, seeded the new clearings and the old maize lands of the Iroquois, reared the church and schoolhouse and changed the wilderness into a garden. In the view of humanity this expedition was for the rescue of captives and the protection of homes on the border; in the eye of strategy, it was to ruin the enemy's granary, put to an end his flank and rear attacks, and prepare the way for Yorktown.

Let us pause here and take the point of view of a war correspondent on the ground, in the early summer of 1779.

The main army, making rendezvous at Easton, consisted of the Pennsyl-

vania, New Jersey and New Hampshire brigades, Proctor's regiment of artillery, with nine guns, two being heavy howitzers throwing shell, one hundred and fifty fifers and drummers, three hundred and fifty riflemen, with pioneers and axemen, teamsters, surveyors and various assistants, numbering in all thirty-five hundred. The expedition is to have a total strength of probably six thousand men, of whom nearly five thousand are combatants. Seven hundred boats in all will be employed, and from Wyoming, one thousand, two hundred pack horses.

The wisdom of Washington is strikingly displayed at especially four points: First, in utilizing the waterways as far as possible; second, in insisting that the artillery, even the heavy guns, shall be taken along and carried as far as they may be floated on boats, leaving the lighter pieces to be drawn by horses and men to the goal of the expedition—the great Seneca town on the Genesee; third, in having every rod of the way measured by surveyors, for the great commander expects success and has an eye to the future; and lastly, in the selection of the personnel, on whom everything depended. Except the splendid body of New Jersey veterans, the men were drawn from the three states with the longest of exposed frontiers,—New Hampshire, New York and Pennsylvania. Endless jeering was made and fun poked at the idea of taking artillery into the wilderness; but Washington knew the Indian as few of his soldiers did, and he was convinced of the demoralizing effect of cannon upon the savage. Subsequent events fully justified his wisdom.

As to the commanding general, what we say on New Hampshire soil concerning him, to whom this great work and responsibility for five thousand men to be taken into the roadless forest country of a subtle enemy, we should say in every state of the Union

or beyond sea. No better man could have been chosen. Sullivan was to be pitted against able foes, white and red. The Iroquois and Butler's rangers from Canada were versed in all the lore of woodcraft. The march was to be for three hundred miles, much of the way through the twilight of dense woods. There were no bases of supplies, no hope of a retrieval in case of defeat, no hospitals, no cities, towns or villages at hand. Every pound of flour and ounce of meat had to be carried on the backs of horses, while no provender could be carried for these patient brutes. They must subsist as best they could. Even the military evolutions must be performed, as it were, in the twilight of the all-encompassing foliage. Washington chose the right man for the work when he selected Sullivan, the New Hampshire leader.

Apart from being inured to the hardships of the frontier, New Hampshire men knew how to handle the axe. Accustomed to hard work in the open, and good marchers, no obstacles of swamp, morass, hill, defile or rocky steep could daunt them. Van Cortlandt's and Spencer's New York regiments had been detailed to open a road through the forests of Pocono Plateau, and on the 7th of May Colonel Cilley's First New Hampshire regiment, was sent to assist in the arduous work of laying corduroy in the swamps. By June 14 they emerged from the shades of the forest. The sight of the lovely Wyoming Valley must have seemed like a garden of the Lord—a Promised Land beckoning them to victory.

Four days later the main army, with the artillery and wagon trains, started from Easton, soon leaving behind the magazine of supplies, ever since called "Sullivan's Stores," and the last human habitation—a log cabin sixteen miles from Wind Gap, the gateway out of civilization. Over stony ground and quaking bog-covering of logs laid on mire and marshes,

and through the gloomy swamp called "The Shades of Death," yet with occasional glorious mountain views of inspiring scenery, the terrible march of sixty-five miles was finished on June 23 at Wyoming.

We pass over disappointments, delays, and all things vexatious—only noting the cruelty of arm-chair crit-



Gen. Enoch Poor

ics and disparagers ignorant of the situation—and note that Sullivan, unappalled at the poor equipment and commissariat and the absence of promised reinforcements, gave the order to advance at 1 p. m. July 31, on the firing of a signal gun. With banners flying, drums beating, fifes screaming and Colonel Proctor's regimental band playing a lively air—probably the "White Cockade," or possibly "Yankee Doodle"—the whole army and fleet moved simultaneously forward, the entire force on land and water stretching out in two lines nearly a league.

Yet it was not all plain pushing, poling, sailing or marching. The boats must move upward against the current; and, between the difficulty of breasting the Susquehanna Rapids, surmounting the rifts and avoiding the shallows, and of getting on

with packhorses not over-skilfully loaded and given to stumbling, falling and losing their packs, the dignity of the array could not be maintained by either boats or animals, up to the same standard exhibited by disciplined and intelligent human beings. Indeed, along the whole route there were many things to tickle the risibilities of the general and officers, and sometimes a sense of humor prevailed over the theories of discipline. Passing the fort, they received a salute of thirteen guns, which was answered by an equal number of "honor shots" from the fleet. Naturally the marching men made more progress than the boats, for the latter were manned by crews not trained to their business. The down-rushing waters opposed the advancing scows, the channel was unknown, the current was swift and the shallows and risks were many. Above the boatmen, on the right and left, in the many gaps made by the great river, rose the cliffs, two or three hundred feet high. In many places the army had to climb the heights, following the great "Warrior Path." Over many a steep place tremendous difficulty was found in getting the heavily laden horses and the cattle forward. But day by day the men learned by experience in their new duties, though Cilley's regiment, on one occasion when on duty as rear guard, was all night long and until two hours after sunrise picking up the stragglers. The windings in the river made the distance for the boats greater than for the men. Besides, there were various streams to be forded and all along were indications of lurking savages. Sullivan, taking no risk, and determined above all, whatever else would happen, not to be "Braddocked," doubled his flanking guards when he came to Wyalusing and elaborated a rough system of signals, so that information could be communicated to all parts of the army.

Now began the casualties. A boat-

man fell overboard and was drowned. A New Jersey sergeant died suddenly, after marching all day. A cattle guardsman, temporarily left behind on account of sickness, was found dead. Each of these men was given an honorable burial. Despite the heavy rain, while the army rested, a New York sergeant with three men and a Stockbridge Indian were sent ahead as scouts and ordered to go as far as Tioga Point. Today along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railway, over and past places since made historic, the army pushed its way, passing Standing Stone, and moving over the precipitous ledge of rock, where, for more than four hundred feet, the path lies along the crest, two hundred feet above the level of the river. It is no wonder that on that hot day of August 9 some of the men gave out and had to be carried in the boats, while three of the cattle fell off and were killed. Among the rifts and shallows the boatmen were wearied almost to death, so that the fleet fell behind the army. On the other side of the river the first applications of Washington's torch—that flame-kindler which gave his name ever afterwards among the Iroquois, of the Town Destroyer, was made when Captain Gifford burned the Indian town of twenty-eight new long houses.

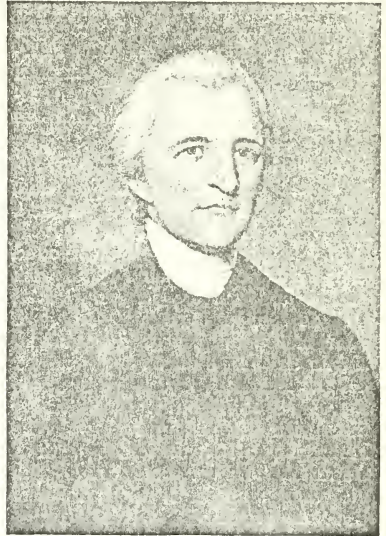
At the ford of Sugar Creek the wary Sullivan, fearing a possible attack, reinforced Gifford with Cilley's and Van Cortlandt's regiments. Nothing happened, however, and at the present village of Milan, a mile below the junction of the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers, the whole army forded the river, slinging their guns, powderhorns and cartridges over their shoulders. Holding each other by the hand, or linking arms, the men stepped in and waist-deep crossed through the swift current. After a mile's march they reached Tioga Point, where the whole army, including the right wing from Schenectady

and the left from Pittsburg, were expected to join forces and then attempt the wilderness by striking northward through the lake country and westward to the Genesee.

Before these New Yorkers came, and on the same night of his arrival at Tioga, August 11, Sullivan, having sent out a scouting party, received word that the enemy were near. This determined him at once upon a night attack at 8 p. m. on the 12th. Taking most of the New Hampshire men and Hand's light troops, he plunged through the forest, over rocky ledges, tangled thickets, miry swamps and deadly defiles.

When near the Indian town which had been reported Sullivan sent Hand with his Pennsylvanians to strike the rear, while Poor and his New Hampshire men of Cilley's First Regiment moved upon the front. Just before sunrise the two bodies of troops met, but the birds had flown. Having received word from their runners, the red men had utterly abandoned the place, so that nothing but the houses and hastily quitted debris were seen. The Pennsylvanians, eager to avenge Wyoming, pressed on with more zeal than caution and some of the New Hampshire men followed with them. While pursuing the Indians they came into a defile and ambuscade. From high ground they were fired upon and five men were killed and eight wounded, two being from Cilley's regiment. With a cheer, our men rushed up the hill and sent the Indians flying in a moment; but crossing the river, the savages again stealthily crept near, fired a volley and wounded four or five New Hampshire men. Sullivan's orders recalled the soldiers, and wisely, too, from further pursuit. Sixty of the hundred or more acres of corn were cut down and the rest left standing for the future use of the army, on their return march in September. The troops, wearied with fatigue and the great heat, returned to camp, reaching Tioga on the 13th.

The seven corpses put on horses were brought to Tioga Point and buried, with solemn ceremonies, in one grave, Proctor's band playing the dirge, Roslin Castle, and the chaplain, Rev. Dr. William Rogers of the Pennsylvania brigade, officiating with a few appropriate words. The fourteen wounded were found rough accommodation in the log hospital.



Isaac Evans

Chaplain and Aide

Somewhat over a hundred years later, in digging for the foundations of the Tioga Historical Society building, wherein may be found a large collection of Sullivan data and relics from the Newtown battlefield, these bones, known from the records and recognized by their Continental buttons, were thrown out and honorably reinterred. Several of the men, who then or later died at this place were

sons of New Hampshire and should be commemorated.

Meanwhile Sullivan was getting anxious about his right wing, consisting of the New York Brigade (which included the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth New York regiments); Alden's Sixth Massachusetts, Butler's Fourth Pennsylvania, Parr's riflemen and Lamb's artillery (two guns); in all about one thousand, eight hundred men and two hundred and fifty boats, under General Clinton, to whom he had sent orders to march and join him. Fearing that he might have been checked by Brant's movements, Sullivan determined to send a supporting column to meet him.

It is undeniable that Sullivan favored the New Hampshire brigade, made up of men from his own state, but in a manner not to be found fault with. The favor which he showed them meant always hard work, with fatigue and danger. Having given Cilley's men an opportunity to show their mettle in pioneer road-making and in the first aggressive movement, he now selected about five hundred New Hampshire soldiers and joining these with an equal number from the Pennsylvania Brigade, on the 16th of August sent Poor and Hand with picked men northeastwardly to meet Clinton. Happily they had not to go very far. Clinton had started on August 9 and Poor's advance messengers reached him on the 18th. The distance of the two corps apart was only nine miles, and General Poor heard with agreeable surprise Clinton's evening gun, which answered with a blast from the little coehorn mortar. The next morning, at a place, now on the Erie Railway, which took its name from the event, the two columns made Union. The united body, Clinton's brigade leading and the flotilla of boats (250) and Poor's reinforcements following, they reached Owego, and on Sunday, August 22, the whole force, on land and water, made a brilliant display, with

flags flying and artillery booming welcome, the main army saluting with ringing cheers. On the way down Clinton's men had devastated the Indian villages and cornfields.

Let us now glance at the activities of the left wing, whose place of gathering was four hundred miles from that of the right at Schenectady. This left wing, under Colonel Brodhead, had started from Pittsburg on the 11th of August with six hundred and fifty men, with one month's provisions loaded on boats and packhorses, destroying, as they advanced, many Indian towns.

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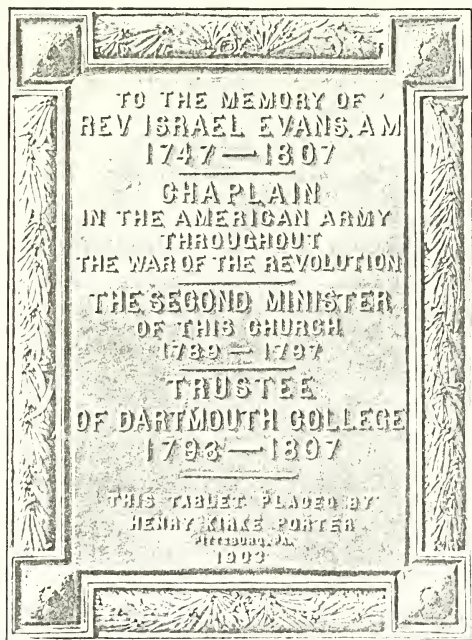
Sullivan received news by two runners, who reached him at Tioga Point, but Brodhead's men, getting as far as Hornellsville, were obliged to return for want of provisions, though not until they had wasted much of the Seneca country and decidedly weakened the enemy by drawing off five hundred warriors—at least one fourth of the whole fighting strength of the Indian Confederacy. In rags and barefoot and their pay nine months in arrears, and no money and no paymasters at Fort Pitt, these brave fellows continued patriotic and in service.

In camp, at Tioga Point, tents were cut up to make bags for the flour and these loaded on the horses and everything made ready. The whole army started on the 26th day of August up the Chemung Valley—men, boats, horses and cattle.

Sullivan had, from the first, determined not to be "Braddocked." Starting from Tioga Point up the Chemung River, amid mountains on every side and which sometimes came clear to the water's edge, where it seemed impossible to take an army and especially to move heavy guns, two days were consumed on the marches and fordings. He knew that from every hilltop savage scouts and Butler's rangers were watching his movements. With unsleeping vigilance he kept his riflemen ahead and

on the flanks. His alertness was well rewarded. On Sunday morning, August 29, Parr's riflemen, being in the advance, seeing signs of Indians, a scout was ordered to climb the highest tree he could find and report. A party of Indians had appeared ahead of them and, after firing their guns, had run off, expecting that these "Bos-

he discerned a long line of green running up the hill and most suspiciously regular. He was confirmed in his idea that here was art and not nature, when he noticed lines of young trees in the open space (where he knew had been an Indian village, named Newtown) that were set with a regularity unknown to nature.



Bronze Tablet on the wall of the First Congregational Church, Concord, in Memory of Rev. Israel Evans. Presented by Hon. Henry K. Porter, Pittsburg, Pa.

tonians" would follow the example of most militia men, who, in pursuit, so often got into ambuscades. Parr's riflemen, of Morgan's regiment, however, were trained Indian fighters and used to stratagem. Instead of pursuit they waited for the report of the watcher in the tree-top, who, after long scrutiny discerned Indians in their war paint beyond Baldwin's Creek. Peering longer and further,

Major Parr reporting to General Sullivan, the general commanding at once made his plans. Keeping back the cattle and horses under a guard, he ordered the riflemen to lie hidden along the banks of the creek to keep the enemy busy and be useful whenever an arm, head or leg showed itself. On the little rising ground, where to-day stands the Methodist meeting house at Lohman, Proctor's artillery

was handsomely set in battery. Back of the riflemen, under cover of the cannon in the tall grass, Sullivan ordered the Pennsylvania light troops to lie down. He sent Maxwell's New Jersey Brigade out to the left, near the river, and in the defile, to be ready to act at the right moment. To Poor's New Hampshire Brigade he assigned the task of a flank attack on the right. The men were to go up along Baldwin's Creek about a mile and a half, climb the hill, reach the crest and then charge into the rear of the entrenchments. Clinton's New Yorkers were to follow and act as supports.

Now in an unsurveyed wilderness no commander can expect his subordinates to fulfill his expectation in point of time, especially when the general supposes the utterly unknown ground is to be ordinarily level, instead of being a morass. After marching over a mile, floundering through bog and mire, wading through Baldwin's Creek, it took some minutes for the regiments to re-form. Then began the climbing of that hill, which, if one attempts the task on a sultry day in late August he can appreciate what the New Hampshire men had to do — especially when it was, in 1779, overgrown with scrub oak and tall trees.

Down below, Sullivan, not hearing the expected musketry fire on his right, so long waited for, three o'clock having come, and all the other troops in position, ordered Proctor to open with all his guns. Out flew the round shot from the five-inch howitzers and six-pounders, knocking out and ripping up the logs in the line of fortification and making great gaps visible. Then followed the grape from the smaller guns, while the howitzers and coehorn threw shell. The bombs, falling over and behind the Indians, were more terrible in their moral effect than if exploded among them. Soon it became impossible longer for Brant to hold his tribesmen, especially as the riflemen and light troops had begun to utilize the breaches in the forti-

fications to pour in a deadly hail of bullets.

By this time, at the extreme right, the Indian watchers on the hilltops caught the gleam of bayonets and realizing the nearness of Poor's First New Hampshire Regiment, sent word to Brant, who rather welcomed the news. Leading off the main body of his savages from being targets for artillery into more congenial activities, this able chief prepared to envelop and destroy the Second New Hampshire Regiment, under Colonel Reid. In the movement Poor, with the First Regiment, was far away on the right, while Dearborn, on the extreme left, had hardly formed his men, so that Reid's Second Regiment was isolated and soon was enveloped by a semi-circle of red men yelling until hell seemed let loose, and firing as if they expected a quick harvest of scalps.

Happily Sullivan had ordered to go with each regiment a company of fifty of Parr's riflemen. It is my belief, though I may be wrong, that the New Hampshire men actually went into battle without their guns loaded. Some days before a messenger from Washington had reached the camp, bringing the news that Gen. Anthony Wayne, with his Pennsylvanians (after killing all the dogs in the whole region so that they could not bark) had actually taken Stony Point, without firing a shot, by the cold steel alone.

Now it would never do for men from the Granite State to believe, or have it even supposed, that Pennsylvanians — at that time Germans, Dutch, Irish and Scotch being in the majority — could ever beat New Hampshire men. Certainly the soldiers of Poor's brigade expected to repeat and excel Stony Point. They fixed bayonets before they climbed the hill. It was on record that not one of them at first fired a shot; but the riflemen, who had no bayonets; never let their guns be unloaded for a mo-

ment. They occupied the enemy with a smart fire until Reid's men could load; but for several minutes it looked pretty black, while a dozen or more of the Continentals lay dead or wounded on the ground. As matter of fact, most of the Americans killed or wounded in this decisive battle were New Hampshire men of Reid's regiment.

It may be safely said that Dearborn and the Third New Hampshire Regiment saved the day. Too far away from his commander, Poor, who was probably a mile distant, to get orders, Dearborn was yet near enough to Reid's regiment to see what the trouble was and to take in the situation. So, of his own initiative, he ordered his entire regiment "about face." Then, charging upon the Indians, he struck them in the rear. By that time Reid's men, covered by the riflemen, had loaded and seeing the help coming to them fired and then charged with the bayonet on the great body of Indians, first starting them on the run and then driving from tree to tree and cover to cover any of them who tried to make a stand.

Meanwhile, down below, Butler's Rangers, seeing inevitable destruction before them, began to retreat, some dashing across the river to save themselves. The moment Sullivan saw signs of wavering he ordered the Pennsylvania Light Troops to charge across Baldwin's Creek and over the entrenchments. Inside and beyond the lines there ensued a running fight with such brave Rangers or Indians who tried even for a moment to fire before their flight. As Maxwell's, Hand's, Poor's and Clinton's brigades, soon in sight of each other, realized their victory the whole host gave three ringing cheers. Although only twelve corpses and two prisoners were found on the battlefield—for the wounded had been quickly conveyed away in canoes up the river—the signs of the dreadful work done by the shot and the shell of the artil-

lery, to say nothing of the rifles and musketry, were abundantly manifest on the reddened grass, the torn and splintered trees, and the blood-bespattered packs and baggage. It is my own opinion that at least one hundred of that mixed host fighting for King George—Iroquois, Canadian Rangers, British Regulars, Tories and a few negroes, were put *hors du combat*.

The losses on our side were three killed on the field, Corporal Hunter and two privates, and thirty-three wounded, all but four of these latter being from Reid's Second New Hampshire Regiment. Among these were Maj. Benjamin Titecomb of Dover, N. H.; and Elijah Clayes, captain of the second company, both of the Second New Hampshire Regiment; Sergeant Lane and Sergeant Oliver Thurston; beside Nathaniel Macaulay of Litchfield, N. H., who died after an amputation, that night; while Abner Dearborn, a lad of eighteen and nephew of Colonel Dearborn, breathed his last a few days after in the rude hospital at Tioga Point. Sergeant Demeret, Josiah Mitchell and Sylvester Wilkins died before September 19, thus making a total of eight men, all from New Hampshire, who gave their lives in one of the most significant, important and decisive battles of the whole war. Those who died upon the field were buried in different places, each one near the spot where he fell. To conceal the fresh broken earth of the graves and prevent desecration of the remains, fires were built over them. From Tioga Point such of the wounded as could endure the journey were sent by boat in care of Doctor Kimball, down the river to Wyoming, which place they reached September 2.

One may reasonably ask why, with apparently so much firing by such large numbers, the casualties were so few, yet it must be remembered that on our side, both the riflemen and the Pennsylvania Brigade, invisible to the

enemy, were well protected by the banks of Baldwin's Creek on their front, and the enemy had no artillery; while in the real battle, on the upper heights to the right, our men had to charge up a steep incline, the savages probably firing over their heads. Down below the artillery did the main execution, both in taking life and by hastening demoralization, which in war is almost as important in effects as is carnage; indeed, it is often more. There was relatively also not a great use of musketry, for the only full regiments that actually faced a visible foe in force were the Second and Third New Hampshire. Then again, in the running fight through the woods, anything like a general slaughter was impossible.

On the British side, by their own statements, it was said: "Colonel Butler and all his people were surrounded and very near taken prisoners. The colonel lost four rangers killed, two taken prisoners and seven wounded," besides losing his commission, private baggage and money. The Indian record was found at the place called Catherine's Town, four days afterwards, where a tree, marked 1779, and signed with Brant's name, had a rude picture of twelve men, each with an arrow pierced through his body, signifying the number of his men killed in the action of the 29th. No wounded were found on the battlefield. As we all know, it was Indian custom to withdraw instantly the wounded and often the dead. This was done usually by attaching a "tumpline" to limb or trunk and drawing off the body; so that the curious sight of seeing an apparent corpse, or utterly disabled man, moving over the leaves and out of sight was often witnessed by the backwoods fighters in colonial and Revolutionary days. Each savage, before setting out on a raid, took an oath that he would perform this office for his fellow tribesman. It is known that several canoesful of wounded were carried up the river.

As late as 1903, Col. Ernest Cruikshank, in his "Story of Butler's Rangers," admits a loss of five white men killed or missing and three wounded and an Indian loss of five killed and nine wounded.

It is not necessary to detail further the story of this expedition. Indeed, for dramatic purposes, to set the event most effectively in historical perspective after one hundred and thirty-one years, we might profitably stop at this point. Here was one of the most decisive battles fought during the whole Revolutionary War, for neither numbers nor area are necessary to effect enduring results. The truth is that the tribes of the Long House had gathered for a supreme effort and that the result was a virtual destruction of the Iroquois Confederacy. Furthermore, it ended the flank attacks on the Continental army and destroyed the dearly cherished hope of the British government to create in central New York a granary for the feeding of its armies. To a great extent it weakened even the petty raids of the scalping parties, for the country was so absolutely devastated, that the Indians could not occupy the land either that season or, profitably, for several years. In the coming winter, too cold even for hunting, the discouraged horde huddled around Fort Niagara and were kept from starvation by salted provisions, imported mostly from Ireland. The Indians died like sheep in a blizzard. It is true that the very next year Brant led a large body of warriors as far as Tioga Point, but we never hear of their accomplishing anything important, while the injury done in the Mohawk Valley was very largely the work of Butler's Rangers, white men from Canada reinforced by British troops. This battle at Newtown on August 29, 1779, paralyzed the Indian Confederacy, so that it never was again what it had been since the advent of white men upon the continent, viz., a powerful factor in international politics and war.

In a word, Sullivan carried out his orders given by Washington. He achieved the devastation of the Iroquois country. Striking northward, along Seneca Lake, to where Geneva now stands, he pushed forward to his goal—the great Seneca town in the Genesee Valley. Leaving the weak and lame at Honeoye, with a garrison and two field pieces, he made a forced march with two thousand, five hundred men, and at the outlet of Conesus Lake found Brant and Butler with reinforcements from Canada. These were all nicely hidden on the bluffs in ravines and at points of vantage, expecting this time, to a certainty, to “Braddock” Sullivan. The episode of Boyd’s scouting party disturbed the nice calculations of Indian and Tory, for, fearing, as at Newtown, the flanking tactics of the New Hampshire men, the enemy broke his formations and fled. This was on the 12th of September.

The next day was given to destroying the great town of one hundred and twenty-eight houses, with the cornfields, which stood about where Cuylerville is today. The produce of two hundred acres of corn in ear and the gardens was leveled or cut down, piled in the houses and given to the flames. Several days were occupied in this work. Then the word, given September 15 at 2 p. m., was the joyful one of return. At Geneva, September 20, Sullivan sent Colonel Gansevoort home by the way of the Mohawk Valley. Col. William Butler, with the Fourth Pennsylvania, was ordered to move down the east side and Colonel Dearborn, with the Third New Hampshire, down the west side of Cayuga Lake. All were kept busy for many days in the common work of the main army, in desolating with sword and fire the Indian villages, forty of which in all, during the cam-

paign, were given to the flames. It was this devastation, peremptorily ordered by Washington, that gave him in Iroquois tradition the permanent name of “Town Destroyer.” In this work Dearborn’s troops occupied from September 21st to the 26th. Among places passed through and later the site of towns was Ithaca. Of the Indian villages burned, the most famous was Coreorganel, near the future University City. Thence across the country to Camp Reid, near the later site of Elmira and “four miles from where we fought the enemy the 29th of August,” as Dearborn records, he joined the main body. The army had “a day of rejoicing” the day before, “in consequence of news from Spain,”—that is, recognition of the United States as an independent nation.

The return march, the destruction of Fort Sullivan at Tioga Point, the boat voyage down the Susquehanna, the traversing of Pocono Plateau and the arrival at Easton on the 15th of October followed in due course. On the 17th a solemn service of thanksgiving, with “A Discourse Delivered . . . to the Officers and Soldiers of the Western Army . . . by Chaplain Israel Evans to General Poor’s Brigade” (and later printed in pamphlet form by Thomas Bradford in Philadelphia) officially concluded “the Expedition against the Five Nations of Hostile Indians,” in which the men of New Hampshire made a vital factor.

In view of the historic facts, is it not the binding duty of the people of New Hampshire to rear on the Newtown battlefield some durable token of their appreciation of the services of their brave Continentals, who bore themselves so nobly in one of the most decisive battles of the American Revolution?



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